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While the Moon Shines.

PAUL J. RAGAN, '97.

IN olden times when the world was young,
When nymphs and fairy queens held sway,
The fairies danced at the midnight hour,
But hid themselves at the break of day.

So now we see when the world is hushed,
And the moon hangs high on a quiet night,
When clouds glide under the twinkling stars,
And the earth swims round in a mellow light.

Then, over the slumbering, peaceful sphere,
Silent and quick the shadows roll;
Gracefully careless they glide along
Into the distance,—their only goal.

Over the lakes, like a water sprite,
They chase the ripples from shore to shore,
Walk on the lilies and up the hill,
Then over the trees and across the moor.

While the moon, pursuing her star-lit way,
Sinks in the west when her course is run;
The sun walks over the eastern hills—
The shadows go,—the night is done.

Henry David Thoreau.

WILLIAM C. HENGEN, '97.

NEW ENGLAND has nourished men of letters in great numbers, to whom the world has given due praise; but there was born and reared in the historic town of Concord (not the larger and newer Concord of our day, but the old peaceful town), in the early part of the nineteenth century, a man who deserves greater praise and consideration than our literary students have yet risen to bestow upon him,—Henry David Thoreau.

The American people, as a rule, do not like to pry into the fruit of deep thinking men, who write what they deem the truth, and nothing more. The public likes to be humored, choosing rather to be called by heroic names than face facts and truths. Thoreau has not been a great favorite, and his works have not touched the heart of the many, for the simple reason that the people have not understood them, and because he put his individuality, his own original thoughts and his honesty, into whatever he wrote. He struck the keynote of his life, when, in an essay entered in his journal at the age of seventeen, he said: "Most of us are apt to neglect the study of our own characters, thoughts and feelings, and, for the purpose of forming our own minds, look to others *who should merely be considered as different editions of the same great work*. To be sure, it would be well for us to examine the various copies that we might detect any errors; yet it would be foolish for one *to borrow a work which he possessed himself, but had not perused*."

It is true that he was not always orthodox in his religion and philosophy, yet he used good common-sense. Sanborn, while in college at Cambridge, wrote to Thoreau, and, after thanking him for the new light in which "Walden" showed to him the aspects of nature, and for the marvellous beauty of its descriptions, said: "At the same time, if any one should ask me what I think of your philosophy, I should be apt to answer that it is not worth a straw." There is this about Thoreau,—whatever he wrote we can depend upon as being human, sincere, frank and honest, coming from the pen of a man, of a true American, with a New-England conscience.

Thoreau, an author of even a more marked individuality than either Emerson or Hawthorne, was of a family of French origin—poor people who made pencils for a living, in which,

as a boy, Thoreau became skillful; but he only followed the trade to help his father. The whole family made sacrifices, and managed in some way to send Henry to the Concord and Boston schools until he was prepared for college. He matriculated at Harvard College at the age of sixteen, and was graduated in 1837 after four years' time, during which he taught in order to help pay his way. He had a great love for knowledge and was a hard student, acquiring a taste for the classic languages, of which Greek was his favorite; in fact, he was proficient in Greek before he entered Harvard. The influence of his wide insight into the writings of the old Greek masters and his appreciation of them taught him a mode of thinking which he could have attained nowhere else, and prepared him to express his high thought in that concise and clear style which marks out Greek literature from everything modern.

Thoreau was a close observer of nature, a naturalist; yet not as the term is generally accepted, for he studied nature in his own way. He never made a special study of technical terms at universities, or pulled flowers apart, and by means of a microscope and a key mechanically run down their names; therefore, he could not be called a scientific student of nature. Then he never killed birds, animals or insects in order to study them; he did not like dissection, and he avoided men of science. His study of nature was characteristic of himself; he observed it in its home; he became a part of it, introducing himself to the living species of fauna and flora of his own locality, strolling in the woods and seeking their fellowship, thereby making himself one with them. He might well be called the poet-naturalist, for he learned philosophy from the piping birds. He was moved to thought by the flowers which sprung from beneath the leaves of the forest, and the waters of the Concord furnished material for a most delightful work.

It is not strange that one so devoted to the forest, the birds, the untouched world, should be misunderstood and considered peculiar, unsocial and uncouth. He was far from deserving such criticism; he was a poet. There was that force within him which directed his imagination to the ideal. In his "Week" he says: "There is no doubt that the loftiest written wisdom is either rhymed, or in some way musically measured—is, in form as well as substance, poetry; and a volume which should contain the condensed wisdom of mankind, need not have

one rhythmless line." This does not seem the thought or language of a barbarian or misanthrope, as he has been termed by some.

Thoreau held some rigorous ideas in economy; but they were worthy of a great man, and very necessary for one who wished to do a noble lasting work. He did not believe, as many do, in continual labor. He believed in the principle of working part of the time and living the rest; yet to live with him was a far different thing from what it is in the consideration of most men. His economy can be summed up in a few words: "Other men might save dollars if they would; he meant to save his soul." And it was he who said, "a man is rich in proportion to the number of things which he can afford to let alone." This, with the following words of Thoreau, is the key to his philosophy; he says: "I went into the woods because I wished to live deliberately, to front only the essential facts of life, and to see if I could not learn what it had to teach, and not, when I come to die, discover I had not lived." In other words, his philosophy is simplicity.

Those who understood this naturalist, philosopher, economist, transcendentalist, or what you will, found him genial, companionable, delightful. His sister said of him: "It was not possible to be sad in his presence." Nor can one find in his works anything morbid or unwholesome. In proof of this, all his acquaintances have joined in expressing the same opinion. Horace Greeley, Hawthorne, Channing, and many others, have known the great soul in the man, Thoreau. Emerson, his townsman and contemporary, knew him intimately, and he says of him: "A friend, knowing not only the secret of friendship, but almost worshipped by those few persons who resorted to him as their confessor and prophet, and knew the deep value of his mind and great heart. His soul was made for the noblest society."

We have mentioned above the great love of Thoreau for the woods, for solitude. In 1854 he built a hut on Walden Pond, a small lake about a mile south of Concord, in what is known as Walden Wood. For two years he bade farewell to civilization without telling his purpose except, as he said, "to transact some private business." When he came out of his seclusion and left his little forest home he carried with him the manuscript for his first book, "A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers," which is an account of what he thought of the scenery, of the places he passed and

the people he met while on an excursion on those rivers with his brother in a small boat. The word-painted pictures are beautiful; so truly does he blend the shades of sky with those of earth and water that one, as he reads the descriptions, wonders at the harmony of the colors.

Five years after the publication of the "Week," Thoreau's next book appeared. He called it "Walden." It is as author of it that Thoreau is best known. While passing his time seemingly in idleness at his Walden hermitage, he gathered material for "Walden." The subject-matter is what he saw, what he thought and how he lived in his sylvan hut. If he had done nothing else his name would go down to posterity in the annals of fame. How grandly he sets forth the scenes and actions of his life in the forest—"his days and nights with nature!" The poetic thought, the delightful language and the charm of the writer of "Walden" make one wish that all become his friends. Those who like literary treats, not having met and made Thoreau's acquaintance, should do so at the first opportunity; they will have their reward. It would be a great pleasure to visit Concord and its surroundings after reading his works. One of his friends once said: "Henry talks about nature just as if she'd been born and brought up in Concord."

Thoreau lived single and never remained away from Concord for very long at a time. He never entered the race for wealth, and his wants were few. Of all his abundant books the two spoken of in this paper are all that were published before his death. He did considerable work for magazines. Horace Greeley was the friend who worried the publishers into using his articles until they spoke for themselves. Thoreau refused to pay his poll-tax to the state, for he considered a government illegal which allowed slavery within its bounds.

There are so many interesting things in connection with the life of Thoreau that one hardly knows what is best to say or when to draw to a close. Of late there has been a revival of appreciation for Thoreau's works, and although some have the good fortune to know his worth, he is comparatively little read. Thirty-five years have passed since he was laid to rest in the village cemetery, "Sleepy Hollow."

"Fame is a plant which blossoms on graves," and since the time of his death this plant has slowly developed, and the time will come when it must blossom gloriously.

James Fenimore Cooper.

HUNTER M. BENNETT, '97.

James Fenimore Cooper began his career of authorship at a time when America was most in need of original literary work. In 1825 Sidney Smith had written an article in the *Edinburgh Review* inquiring: "In the four quarters of the globe, who reads an American book or goes to an American play?" and it was becoming a common occurrence for foreign writers to remark insolently that we held no position in the literary world.

As long as this country had been subject to the English government the people had been content to accept the work of English writers as their standard of literary excellence; but the revolution had developed a spirit of independence which made it hard to bear this subjection. It only needed the stimulating influence of this adverse criticism to direct that independent spirit, which had found its outflow in the political discussions of the day, into other channels; and writers following all the paths of literature began to make their appearance. Irving brought forth his "Sketch Book," the popularity of which was almost instantaneous, and Dana published "The Idle Man." Percival had published a few poems, and Halleck's "Fanny" and a small volume of poems by Bryant containing "The Ages" had recently appeared, when Cooper completed the group by coming forward as a writer of fiction.

There had been one other native novelist of some literary strength, but it can not be said that he succeeded in producing an American novel. Some of Brockden Brown's works have strength considered simply as literary performances, but the best of them are rather unearthly and fail to produce the characteristics of the period in which he lived. Although he did not write novels that were distinctively American, he sufficiently demonstrated that there could be novels written in America. It was left for Cooper to make the attempt at representing American life as it really existed, and he succeeded, perhaps, as well as any other novelist has ever done.

In the thickly populated portions of this country, where the people were best educated, society was in so mixed a condition, owing to the influence of foreign literature and example, that it was almost impossible to discern what constituted its distinguishing characteristics.

It is no wonder Cooper complains that with us "there are no follies (beyond the most vulgar and commonplace) for the satirist, no manners for the dramatist, no obscure fiction for the writers of romance." He overcomes this difficulty, however, by placing the scenes of his best novels on the frontier and sea, where his power of observation could be used to the best advantage. It is fortunate that he was compelled to take this course; for if his life had been spent in representing cultivated society we would probably have a repetition of the faults in his first novels, and all the powers for which we admire him would be lost. His mind had received its first real impressions of beauty in the wilds of nature, and it is here that his genius finds its natural outlet. His services in our navy on the Great Lakes had given him an excellent opportunity of becoming acquainted with the life on the frontier, and his rough and manly nature seemed to be at home in describing it. He succeeded here because he understood and appreciated it, and he failed in the settlements because he could not comprehend the artificial and refined life of society.

He wrote thirty novels in all, beginning with "Precaution" in 1820 and ending with "The Ways of the Hour" in 1850. His career can not be said to have opened very auspiciously, for "Precaution" was a miserable attempt at imitating an English novel. He obtained better success in his second effort, "The Spy," which appeared the following year. It evinced an earnestness and vital power which were lacking in "Precaution," and its instant success determined Cooper's vocation.

If "The Spy" had been subjected to criticism as it exists today it would have failed completely. But people were not so exacting then as they are now, and it was read with delight throughout the civilized world. The style was clumsy, the dialogue awkward, many incidents absurd and some scenes painful. His description of real characters was very unnatural and gave poor representations of their originals.

"The Pioneers" and "The Pilot" followed "The Spy" in 1823. "Lionel Lincoln" was published in 1828 and "The Last of the Mohicans" in 1826. The first two and the last of these are perhaps the best of his works, while "Lionel Lincoln" is the least worthy of all. They represent all that is to be praised and blamed in him; and in criticising his novels it is unnecessary to consider any others. We find in them the same vivacity and force in describ-

ing scenes of action, and that great power of observation which is characteristic of all his works. Nowhere does he exhibit so well his faculty of concealing a fault from the mind of the reader.

Cooper had many faults, and if it had not been for his power of concealing them he would never have obtained his great success. His characters have a cold and unnatural outward bearing, which excludes them from a place in our affections; but we are carried through exciting scenes with them when our feelings are not enlisted in their behalf. Our sympathies are aroused by external agents which produce terror and surprise, and our emotional feelings are excited by the rapidity of the action. We often find them placed in dangerous positions, which could have been avoided by the exertion of a reasonable amount of intelligence, and from which it seems that nothing could extricate them but the interposition of Divine Providence, when they are rescued by a chance incident which he suddenly brings forward. His books very often have an improbable foundation, but his ingenuity and invention in the interior conduct of the work soon overcome this objection in the mind of the reader.

There are many faults, however, which Cooper does not overcome, that greatly detract from his reputation. I have already spoken of the incapacity he exhibits in the description of real characters, the most notable instance being that of Washington in "The Spy." All of his historical sketches give but faint representation of their originals, and have but little resemblance to the men we had pictured in our imaginations from the pages of history. Cooper himself recognized this fact, and we find that in his best works he has not encumbered himself with them.

He was more fortunate in his conception of fictitious characters, although it can not be said that he was entirely successful. The scouts are the best pieces of his original invention, of which Hawkeye, in "The Last of the Mohicans," is a good example. Some of his Indians are remarkably true to life, but he often presents a false and ideal view of their character. Many of them are clothed in the garb of the red-man, while they possess the refined sentiments of civilization. The manner in which Uncas, in "The Last of the Mohicans," expresses his love for Cora would do credit to the delivery of any white man. His heroines are not such as to gain our affection, and it is only when they are menaced by some bodily harm that

they excite our sympathies. They have not the refinement that we would expect from them, and if they are not coarse and possessed of an animal's health they have an unnatural diffidence which it is hard to understand. It is almost impossible for Cooper to give his well-bred men and women the easy grace and unconscious dignity of refined people.

The plots of his novels constitute some of the worst of his work, and, as I have said before, it is only his power in describing scenes of action and in the invention of novel incident, which carries the reader through the glaring improbabilities of their foundation and construction, and the absurd scrapes and miraculous rescues to which he subjects his characters. He also goes out of his way to produce unconnected and extraordinary scenes for the sake of momentary effect, and introduces unnatural men for the purpose of amusing, but they only serve to tire the reader by a constant repetition of their foolish acts.

One of the things for which Cooper has received and deserves a great deal of praise is his description of natural scenery. The scouts often describe with true poetical feeling the home which nature has given them, while his description of surroundings are pictured very distinctly. In this, as in all his other powers, Cooper sometimes oversteps his strength, and leaves an opening for adverse criticism. His descriptive scenes become too large in their conception, and leave us but a faint image of the place described.

Little can be said of Cooper's style. He leaves the impression of a man who has a deal to say and says it in a way peculiarly his own. He has a manly, energetic way of writing which was characteristic of the man himself, but he does not possess the easy grace and transparency of some of our other great writers. He was not very successful in dialogue, except in the Indian mode of expression, as his speeches are often too long and the characters talk in an unnatural way.

Taken from every standpoint, Cooper can not be said to have been a great novelist, although he sometimes showed wonderful strength. His education had not been such as to train him for a life of letters, and the task before him was so great that very few men could have succeeded in it. We owe him a debt of gratitude, for he was the first to throw an imaginative light over American life, and we are content to excuse his faults when we consider his great services to our literature.

Varsity Verse.

JUNE.

No other name sounds half so sweet to me
In lonely hours as that beloved word
That has the power to touch some silent chord
Within my soul and bring me back to thee;
Thy deep blue eyes and angel face I see
When I, a child, in fledgeling fancy soared
To beauteous worlds where saving light was poured
From out thine eyes so full of sanctity.

When childhood's sunny hours had passed away,
You still had power to lead my tottering steps
From darkened ways till sunshine loomed apace;
So that, though over the untrodden depths
Of life you may your welcome steps retrace,
My faith shall e'er be yours till endless day.

J. F. C.

AN APRIL DAY.

Thy brightness brings new life to me
Like love-light in my lady's eyes;
Thy mildness sets all nature free,
To show its beauty to the skies,
And lures the robin and the bee;
As March winds cease their magic sighs,
Thy brightness brings new life to me,
Like love-light in my lady's eyes.

Yea, I am glad to welcome thee;
Thy splendor breathes to me, nor dies
Thy lustre, as the day-shades flee.
My soul for love of thee replies:
"Thy brightness brings new life to me
Like love-light in my lady's eyes."

W. C. H.

RACY OF THE SOIL.

The soubrette's salary stays the same,
Although the Star's part now she plays.
She is a star, then, but in name
Because she is without the raise.

C. M. B. B.

THE SONG OF A RESTLESS SOUL.

O Muse! I pray thee sing for me
A noontide lullaby,
That is wafted along in humming monotone,
Murmuring mellow now adown the glen,
Now wandering in from the summer sea,
In ceaseless melody,—
Mingled anon with the drowsy drone
Of the humming bees,
Borne now aloft on the fragrant breeze
Whispering in cadence low,
Filling the noontide with magic peace,
And fading till surcease
We know not whither it doth go.

L. P. D.

AT POLO.

He shook the water from his hair
And stanch'd the blood that was flowing free,—
"These fellows," he said, "may be playing fair,
But one thing's sure,—they're skinning me."

C. M. B. B.

A Political Turn-Coat.

J. FRANCIS CORR, '98.

I am a politician; but all that the word implies, I am not. Some of the greatest men in our history were politicians, and, necessarily, statesmen; because, as Mr. Reed says, "a statesman is a dead politician." But I do not mean to claim a place among them. Far from it,—for I have not the ability of a statesman; but I have that which is the most necessary, and too often the most fatal qualification—ambition. Ambition alone does not make a statesman; a true statesman must outgrow ambition, and therefore I am at present a plain American politician.

I have always been fond of the streets and the surging crowds. Left early in life to take care of myself, I was too often mindless of my own interest in watching the human procession; so that when night came, and the bundle of papers was no lighter, or the blacking-box had been unopened, with a lump in my throat and an empty stomach, I had often to go down to one of the East River piers, and, with darkness and the sky for a covering, a plank for my pillow, and the dashing of the waters for a lullaby, I would forget the sorrows of the day, remember the crowds, and weave fantastic dreams that were always like a bundle of hay tied behind a horse's head.

Finally my drifting came to an end. One cold night I was standing near Niblo's Garden on Broadway, watching the people going in, when a car stopped directly in front of the theatre, and several persons made their way carefully over the slippery stones to the sidewalk. A distinguished-looking man was leading a lady, and just as they reached the curb he put his hand into his pocket and drew out some tickets. The lady slipped and fell backwards; I sprang forward and caught her in time to avoid a fall.

The gentleman was the superintendent of one of the car-lines in New York City, and the lady was his wife. A week after this incident I wore the blue uniform of a car-conductor, and thus was thrown into a sort of intimacy with the public. After eight years, this kind of life became monotonous, and I began to long for something better. Politics was the star on which I wanted to hang my hopes.

The book-binders of New York—composed mostly of girls—were out on a strike. I knew

their president, and asked her to let me speak at one of their meetings. She willingly gave her consent, and through her I was enabled to mount the first round of the proverbial ladder. My earlier life and present ambition were known, and all seemed anxious for the success of my first effort. After the meeting, a congressman from my district told me that if I improved my English I had the qualities of a good stump speaker.

The next day I bought a high hat and a box of large cigars, and for six months afterwards attended night school. I studied the political speeches of the day, and at last began to get into my own efforts that vivacious swing so necessary to interest a crowd. My first political speech was made at Tammany Hall, and it was a success. But I made one mistake. In speaking of the liquor traffic I said that Tammany was not friendly to saloon-keepers. Next day, the Grand Sachem took the trouble to tell me to "dry up" on saloons.

Some years after this, I was chairman of the council when the "boodle" aldermen mixed up a cable-franchise with the money question. I had no vote in the proceedings, therefore I was not obliged to move to Canada. But the newspaper men turned their lanterns on me, and searched my family history. They pointed to the fact that one of my ancestors had committed suicide by jumping into Lough Sheelin in Ireland, and they hinted strongly at the propriety of my following his example.

At the last Democratic Convention I made a great speech, but I did not want the nomination, and I told the delegates so. The farmers wanted to place me on an independent ticket, but I refused, urging my loyalty to the platform. I worked hard during the campaign. A week before election day I was sent home in the interest of our candidate for governor.

I had not seen my wife for two months. While away from home, she sent me a letter saying that the cook had left, but that she had engaged another one, who was "just too lovely." Instead of sending a telegram announcing my return, I thought it would be more pleasant to surprise her. I got into the Grand Central Railway Station in New York about nine o'clock one morning, and after buying a box of candy, I walked up Lexington Avenue to my home. My political experience had not left me poor. I rang the bell and the new cook came to the door. She had two incongruous characteristics—a French cap and a rich Irish brogue. "My name is Mr. —"

"Go 'long wid you now; we don't want any books," she shouted, and bang! the door was slammed to.

I was certain that it was my house, but I walked down the porch, and took another look to make assurance doubly sure. I went back and rang the bell a second time. The door was not opened, but I heard voices inside.

"Who is it, Mary?" It was my wife's voice.

"Sure ma'am, an' I don't know. He looks like a book agent."

The door opened; there was a scream—

"O Jimmy!"

And then a little golden head came into contact for a moment with a coat that was full of railroad dust. I'll ring the curtain down on this scene and bring it up on another.

I was in my library writing speeches for the coming week. I was worn out with loss of sleep, but the state committee expected great things of me, and it would be ruin to disappoint them. By twelve o'clock I had three speeches written and committed to memory. The heavy feeling was gone now, and, lighting a cigar, an open book attracted my attention. It was Crawford's "With the Immortals." I raised the window curtain and looked out into the street. All was quiet. The moon's silver light lay across the house-tops, but the shadows from the buildings made the street dark. The distant clang of a plunging horse-car, and the tramp of a policeman on his beat, were the only sounds that broke the stillness of the night.

A strange feeling stole over me. It seemed as if I were miles and miles away. The things in the room were familiar, but certainly larger. I began to feel nervous. I crept upstairs to see if all was right. But Julia was fast asleep; and occasionally above the awful stillness I could hear the cook, or perhaps it was the wind, making mournful sounds. I went back to the library, and started to read the open book. I had been reading but a few moments when I became conscious of the fact that some one was looking over my shoulder. I could not move a muscle. I was not frightened. A restful feeling came over me. "A clever work," said a voice; "but I will never forgive him for slighting me."

"Why did he slight you?"

"Because his sympathies are Italian and mine were Grecian."

"Who are you?"

"My name in the flesh was Byron."

"In the flesh?"

"Yes; I am now a shade."

"Why do you come here?"

"To enlist your sympathies and your purse in a great cause. I, or rather we, will help Cuba to gain her liberty."

"How much will it cost?"

"One million pounds."

"I have not the money."

"But you will when you get free coinage."

"How do you know that?"

"Shades know more than mortals. I will lie here on the table and tell you our plans. But first put that book into the fire.... That is better. We shall buy a boat and go about the world stirring up nations in Cuba's behalf. We shall collect an army and drive the Spaniards from the island. We shall then form a republic and you will be President. I shall be the power behind the throne. Do you understand?"

"Perfectly. But why do you do this?"

"Napoleon and I had a quarrel, and I told him that I could do more in a month than he did in twenty years. I have to prove it or lose my place among the illustrious shades."

"When do we start?"

"When you wish. But soon, if possible."

"I can go in two weeks. I have to stump the state for a week."

"Pardon me.—Stump?"

"That is, to make political speeches."

"I was almost angry. I thought—you see I am lame."

"Will you have a cigar?"

"Yes. A light, please. Thank you. You will start at once to make your speeches, and I shall accompany you. There will be no additional expense until we get ready for Cuba."

Silently we left the house. All that night we travelled; I in a sleeper, Byron on the cow-catcher. He said that his lungs needed strengthening. The next week's work was terrific, but I met with great success. We elected every one on our ticket. Then I started at our work.

From the White Star Steamship Line we chartered the steamship *El Cid*, and started off on our journey. A most remarkable fact of the trip was that I slept most of the time, and felt none of the pangs of an ocean ride. The English gave us a chilly reception. They had a very difficult part to perform themselves—that of keeping their hands off the Turks and watching Russia. In France we were greeted enthusiastically. The French President made us a present of two fine battle-ships. He called for volunteers, and five thousand men responded.

By this time our enterprise was known all over Europe, and bands of men from all nations joined us. In two weeks we had collected a navy of twelve ships and an army of fifteen or eighteen thousand men. We had the Mulligan Guards—a body of men from Dublin,—Frenchmen, Germans, Russians, and even Turks, although Byron objected to them; and the shade had a body-guard of Greeks, little fellows that reminded me of the *nibelungen* that I had seen in a German opera.

Returning to New York, we drafted most of the police and the gallant old Sixty-Ninth Regiment, but rejected the rest of the militia, and then started for Cuba. Reaching the island, I was introduced to the Cuban general, supplanting him as Commander-in-Chief. The shade was Lord High Admiral. The Cubans told us that there was to be a fight very soon. The Spaniards were a few miles away. No saloons were near us, so I put the policemen on guard for the night. The rest of us slept on our arms.

The next morning the fight began. I sent the policemen and Turks out as skirmishers; but the brass buttons and white turbans were easy marks for the Spanish riflemen. Ordering a charge, the Cubans and our main body rushed forward. The fighting became sharp and furious. The Sixty-Ninth were the first to reach the enemy. It was Fontenoy repeated. The Irish were again in front. The thunder of artillery was awful, and during intervals of comparative silence I could hear Byron's guns booming in the distance. Suddenly the Cubans began retreating on our right, but only to get the enemy at closer range for their dynamite machines. The first discharge threw the Spanish into confusion, and taking advantage of this, I ordered another charge. Down we swept cutting everything before us. I found myself fighting with the Spanish Commander. There was a yell from my men: "McPartland forever!"

I pressed him closer and closer. At last I wounded him, and he fell to the ground. I looked up, but all was dark and silent. Something broke in my head, and I felt myself going, down—down—

There was a crash! I heard some one say, "We can hold him now." I opened my eyes; I was in the library at home. My wife was crying in Mary's arms. Four men were holding me down, and the doctor stood over me with an anxious face.

"Julia," I gasped, "what is the matter?"

"You've collapsed from overwork," said the doctor. "Keep quiet."

"Where's my—my shade?"

"It's on the window."

"But I mean him—the other shade?"

"It's on the other window. But you've got to keep quiet."

"Where's Byron?"

"Bryan is in Iowa."

"Did we lick them?"

"Don't know until after election."

Before I could say another word they hustled me off to bed. I was broken down from want of sleep, and had to keep quiet for a whole week. The doctor, fearing further excitement, forbade my wife sending word to the State Committee. The library where I had fought my battle was a total wreck. At the end of the week I received two telegrams. One was from the chairman of the Democratic State Committee, and read:

"We have lost the state. Your desertion at the eleventh hour is mostly responsible for it." The other one was from the Republican State Committee and read: "We have won the day. By your silence we believe that you were with us. We welcome you to our ranks."

In two years more I expect to get the Republican nomination for Governor, and what then? Who knows?

Books and Magazines.

IMMORTELLS OF CATHOLIC COLUMBIAN LITERATURE, compiled from the works of American Catholic Women Writers by the Ursulines of New York. Illustrated. Chicago—New York: D.H. McBride & Co. 1897.

We are already well acquainted with many of the authoresses whose best work is laid before us in this tasty volume of 625 pages. Since our childhood we have known and loved such writers as Mrs. Sadlier, Mrs. Dorsey, Miss Starr, Christian Reid, Eleanor C. Donnelly, Mary Catherine Crowley, while in later years we have read with pleasure the works of Agnes Repplier, Louise Imogen Guiney, Rose Hawthorne Lathrop, Marion J. Brunowe, Mary T. Waggaman, Margaret F. Sullivan, Mary Josephine Onahan, Molly Elliot Seawell, Helena T. Goessman and Sallie Margaret O'Malley. We are now enabled to appreciate in the bulk, as it were, some, at least, of the work which was first published in newspapers and ephemeral magazines.

The volume is profusely illustrated with half

tone likenesses and with facsimile signatures of several of the women writers. Biographical sketches of these authoresses are given, sometimes brief, sometimes extensive. The type is clear and the paper excellent. The binding is well and tastefully done. Both the compilers and the publishers deserve the thanks of Catholics and others interested in the work of Catholic women writers for this valuable collection of the Immortelles of Catholic Columbian Literature.

DRYDEN'S PALAMON AND ARCITE. Edited by William Tenney Brewster, A. M., of Columbia University. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

In "Palamon and Arcite" we have another well-edited volume from Longmans' series of English Classics. This great poetic tale, borrowed by Dryden from Chaucer and by him from Boccaccio, who had drawn his plot from the Latin poet Statius, is the longest of Dryden's "Fables," and in this edition it has been much modernized, especially with regard to the spelling and punctuation. We get all this information and much more from the introduction to the poem. This introduction is well arranged. It includes a brief sketch of Dryden's life and character, a consideration of the story of "Palamon and Arcite," a comparison of the styles of Dryden and Chaucer, and a brief mention of the merits of Dryden's treatment of the story.

Besides this introduction there are also prefixed to the poem suggestions for teachers and a chronological table of the principal events which occurred in and during Dryden's life. The footnotes are used only when necessary to explain the text of the poem. An exhaustive appendix is added, which contains Dryden's dedication of the poem, selected passages from Dryden's preface, notes on the astrological terms used throughout the text, a glossary of proper names, and selections from Chaucer's "Knights Tale," from which "Palamon and Arcite" was immediately derived. These notes are of great advantage to the student. As specimens of scientific editing "Longmans' English Classics" are beyond comparison. There is used in all of them a method that must needs bring out whatever of beauty or defect there is in the work.

—The *Cosmopolitan* for April should be especially interesting to college men. It contains a description of Greek letter fraternities, and gives in brief the history of these societies since their origin. The illustrations are clear and numerous, and the devices represented are

of interest even to the uninitiated. Another article that would repay careful study is that on "Modern College Education" by the editor of the *Cosmopolitan*. Mr. Walker appears to have thought on this subject long and earnestly, and anyone can find the result in this paper. "Modern Greece" is the initial article. It is merely descriptive of a few places in Athens and Patras. The illustrations are very appropriate. Mr. Abraham Cahan, well known as the author of "Yekl: A Tale of the New York Ghetto," contributes an excellent short story called "Circumstances." A strange, strong piece of writing is "The War of the Worlds" by Mr. H. G. Wells. Miss Molly Elliot Seawell, best known here as the author of the "Sprightly Romance of Marsac," begins another of those winning French stories in the present number of the *Cosmopolitan*, called the "History of the Lady Betty Stair."

—Each issue of the *Atlantic Monthly* proves more and more conclusively that it is the foremost literary periodical in America. The April number can not fail to impress one with this fact. Even a glance at the table of contents, with its varied subject-matter by authors who have achieved national fame, is enough to convince one of the truth of this assertion.

"Mark Twain as an Interpreter of American Character," is a paper which sets forth the judgment of an able critic on one of our most popular writers. This is the first really analytic criticism of Mark Twain that we have seen. The author states the dictum, recognized of the critics, that, in a technical sense, Mark Twain is not a skillful writer, a good novelist or story-teller, a great wit or a great humorist. He has long been accepted of the people, never of the critics. His popularity is attributed to the fact that he is American through and through and that he holds his countrymen to himself through their sense of kinship. Mr. E. L. Godkin speaks again with the voice of judgment and authority when he writes of the defects of the Nominating System by which Americans select men for offices.

It is seldom one has a chance to read as charming an essay of the personal kind as that by Maurice Thompson in the present *Atlantic*. "An Archer of the Cherokee Hills" is a return to the delightful essays of Lamb and Hazlitt. "The Song o' Steam" is an inquiry into the quality of poetry. Mr. Paul Leicester Ford's story, "The Story of an Untold Love," goes on with increasing interest, despite the manner in which it is told.

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

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JOHN F. FENNESSEY, } *Reporters.*

—We beg to inform our readers that there will be no SCHOLASTIC next week on account of the large Easter number, on which the Staff and the printers are to spend their best talents. The editors' pictures will appear in the next issue as an Easter offering to their friends. Each member of the Staff will contribute something in prose or verse. A picture of the Carroll Hall Basket-ball Team will be another attraction.

—The Lecture and Concert Course of this year has been of a varied character,—in part very good, in part very bad, and rarely indifferent. Taking it all in all, however, there seems to be entire satisfaction with the entertainments and lectures that have been given hitherto. The lectures delivered by Mr. Breen, by Mr. Hesing, by Bishop O'Gorman and by Father Mullaney were certainly well appreciated, and deservedly so; and the entertainments offered by Max Bendix and the Sherwood Quartet, by the Slayton Concert Company, by the New York Male Quartet and by other troupes were very favorably received. The best, perhaps, of the course is yet to come. It is a pleasure in advance to know that Bishop Spalding will lecture here soon. Miss Eliza Allen Starr and Major Brownson are also on the list.

Basket-Ball.

On Saturday night last the Central Y. M. C. A. team of Chicago—the "crack" Y. M. C. A. basket-ball team of the country—met the Notre Dame Varsity in the Carroll gym. Notre Dame went in to win, notwithstanding the fact that the Central team had played together for the last four years, and that they had an enviable line of victories to their credit. The Varsity undoubtedly would have won had the officials been impartial; but the two Chicago umpires wanted their men to win, and they seemed to do all in their power to help their team to victory. The Varsity, however, played a strong game, much stronger in many respects than that of their opponents. Shillington gave the "rooters" an opportunity to test their lung power shortly after the play began by throwing the first goal. Notre Dame then forged ahead by steady, skillful playing, and kept ahead by a small margin all through the game until the last four or five minutes of the final "third." About this time the umpires began to call fouls repeatedly on the Varsity and totally to ignore the fouls and unnecessary roughness of the Chicago team. This naturally discouraged our men. At almost every foul called Chicago threw a goal, and in this way they at length reached and passed Notre Dame's score. Finally the one-sided work of the officials became unbearable and Captain Shillington demanded that Notre Dame be allowed to have one of the umpires.

The visitors' captain would not agree to this unless Captain Shillington gave them the referee in return, so Notre Dame refused to play. The score was then twenty-five to twenty-two in Chicago's favor. The score at the end of the first "third" was eight to seven in favor of Notre Dame, and at the end of the second they were still ahead with a score of seventeen to fourteen. The game was witnessed by an audience that tried the capacity of the gym.

LINE-UP:		
CENTRAL Y. M. C. A.		NOTRE DAME.
Bestow	Forward	Shillington
Byrne	Forward	Cornell
Buss	Centre	Naughton
Reynolds	Guard	Steiner
Lorentzen	Guard	Herron
Thurston (sub.)		Donovan (sub.)

Points scored—Y. M. C. A., 25; Notre Dame, 22. Goals from field, Bestow, 8; Shillington, 4; Cornell, 3; Naughton, 2; Byrne, Reynolds. Goals from fouls, Buss, 5; Shillington, 4. Fouls, Herron, 6; Lorentzen, 5; Shillington, 4; Bestow, 3; Steiner, 3; Donovan, 3; Cornell, Byrne, Reynolds. Referee, Hering. Umpires, Nowak and Felbeck. Time-Keeper, Greene.

A Pleasant Entertainment.

On Thursday evening, the New York Male Quartet gave a very pleasant entertainment in Washington Hall. March and its winds were forgotten for the moment, and time went on so smoothly that it was in the past with all the melody and songs, before any one was willing that it should be so. It was a good bit of pleantry, such as every one likes to have blossoming in the dull, grey garden of monotonous events. The little airs were not given out as wonderful music; for this they were not; and since they gained the end they were sung for,—a little pleasure—they were successful. Why say anything more?

Music—such as fills all with jollity, that comes and is gone in a flash without leaving the dimmest light dancing before the eyes—was given out generously. Not of the highest order was it; but such light and airy and nonsensical bits as would charm even the deepest mind and make the gruffest cynic forget himself. Little Jack, the Fisherman, Little Jack Horner with his great pie, and a host of other tales were told in sprightly measures and with excellent harmony.

The voices, considered singly, were not of great merit. The whole charm lay in the harmony they bore to each other; for each chord was full and strong and clear, yet the note of each voice was the same in duration. In this unity and modulation the whole value lay; but this was sufficient. The songs were well adapted to the voices and skill of the singers. I am sure had the music of the great composers been tried, the concert would have been less pleasant, less successful. As it was, Little Jack Horner gave more delight than was expected; and a few more tales of Mother Goose were never longed for more earnestly by elderly children, who were quite willing to spend a few more hours in the charm of child-lore.

Yet music was not all. Miss Nellie Nichols well deserved her large share of the applause. The little stories were very interesting, and told so well that they seemed too few. The nursery rime was especially touching, and led the thought of more than one, I wager, back to little friends, little sisters, who sang of the same "little piggie," who said: "Oh, dear me!" and then sighed themselves off to sleep. As lady elocutionists or "readers" go, Miss Nichols was beyond the average.

Various Things.

This is the motley-minded gentleman.—JACQUES.

With all due respect to the SCHOLASTIC, of the staff of which I consider it an honor to be a member, it must be confessed that its department of criticism on musical and dramatic events is unworthy of its excellence in other respects. That it is not of a higher order can not be laid altogether, or even in the main, at the door of the man who writes these critiques. The trouble lies deeper,—in the fact that custom has established the present nonsensical method as the standard, and any departure from it for the good would be regarded as shocking and radical in the extreme by those who are not accustomed to advance. Unfortunately these persons, whose tender feelings are always as stumbling-blocks to advancement, must be reckoned with at all times—hence the difficulty of a reform.

* * *

No one will say, after a moment's reflection, that criticism, as it is now conducted, is more than the raggedest sort of a farce, and the only conclusion to be reached is that it is done in a spirit of cowardice or criminal good-nature. Take, for example, any play done by local talent, and the only observable object of the written comment upon it seems to be how to say pleasant things about the actors in a verbose and varied manner. Each man is praised indiscriminately, whether or not his work deserves it, thus making valueless the recognition of those who may have really earned it. No attempt is made to point out faults that they may be corrected. Of course, this is all very charming, and our friends who have taken part may seal up their SCHOLASTICS and send them off to admiring friends in happiness and short-sighted pride. There is no more in it, however, than the watering of a little personal vanity; and disinterested persons here and outside see the whole sham at a glance, and smile at it with indifference or contempt, as the case may be. Again let me disclaim any intention of blaming the writer, for I have been in that position myself and know that the duty is as disagreeable to him as the result is to some of those who read it. On the other hand may be urged the possible incompetency of the critic to treat adequately such a technical subject, and the objection is a good one where the duty may be assigned to any

one of half a dozen men. But what is to prevent one person from being chosen to do the work permanently? It should be his duty to make some preparation for this special line of writing and to treat his subject at all times rationally and without prejudice, but at the same time critically, which term, however, is not at all synonymous with fault-finding. It is to be expected that he would make mistakes frequently; but in any case such a system would be infinitely preferable to the present, and local criticism would be elevated to a level which it has not occupied in the past.

* * *

Apropos of Touchstone, I am growing rather weary of his vagaries which are beginning to be as annoying as are the speeches that brought up the discussion. I do not consider him worthy the distinction of another answer on his own account; but there are certain persons who have expressed their warm approval of his attitude toward myself, and they are thereby one with him. I invite Touchstone, then, to come forward and disclose himself in the next number of the SCHOLASTIC, stating plainly and briefly his position toward Sans Gène. Sans Gène pledges himself to do the same, and it is to be hoped, for the benefit of others, that the matter will then be ended and we can go our ways, separate or otherwise, with a clearer understanding.

SANS GÈNE.

Baseball.

The men who are to uphold the honor of the Gold and Blue upon the diamond for the coming season will be chosen during the coming week. The candidates have all shown up in such excellent form that the fans are kept busy guessing who are to make up the team. Even after the Varsity will have been chosen the lucky members will find that they will have to keep hustling; for as soon as a member of the reserves will prove himself worthy of a position on the Varsity, he will be given a chance on the team. Carelessness and lack of the proper spirit among the members of the Varsity will be promptly and severely punished. There are only two or three men who could not be spared without serious injury to the team, and these two or three men are conscientious workers, and there is no danger that the sense of their own importance will spoil their usefulness, or cause their brains to expand.

About the only men who have been given definite places by the fans are the men who are to puzzle the batters of our opponents; these men are Powers and Murphy as catchers, and Gibson and Fitzpatrick as pitchers. Casey has but lately appeared on the diamond, and as yet has not shown what he can do. He may be added to the staff of pitchers if his work warrants it. Captain Powers, who is the mainstay of the team, justly bears the reputation of being the best college catcher in the country, and his presence behind the bat will give confidence to the other players. Murphy has played ball at Notre Dame for several years, and will be a good emergency man. All the hopes of the rooters centre in Gibson. The memory of the showing he made under the difficulties which beset the team of last year causes every one of his admirers to look forward to the future with great hope. A man who had the courage to go into the box with both hands crippled, after a pitcher had already been batted all over the field, and all hope was lost, has the right stuff in him and is capable of great things. All who were present at the Northwestern game last year will remember how "Gibbie" went into the box in the fifth inning when the visiting team had made fourteen runs, and our team was discouraged. It took courage to do that alone; but he not only went into the box, but he allowed only one run to be made during the remainder of the game. This year, when in good condition, he will prove himself to be the peer of any college pitcher in the West. Fitzpatrick is small in stature, but any batter, who may imagine that "Fitz" cannot pitch on that account, will find, to his sorrow, that appearances are deceitful. He was given but one chance last year, and that was early in the season, but, nevertheless, in that one game he proved that he had the staying qualities necessary for a pitcher. This year he will be given a chance to show what there is in him, and we are sure that he will do himself credit. Only two weeks and a half remain before we meet Ann Arbor, and the candidates must work hard and faithfully if they wish to win the game. The make-up of the team will be announced in the next issue of the SCHOLASTIC. The schedule, as far as it has been arranged, is as follows:

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN at Notre Dame, April 21.
 NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY at Notre Dame, May 5.
 UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS at Notre Dame, May 11.
 CHICAGO UNIVERSITY at Chicago, May 15.
 OBERLIN COLLEGE at Notre Dame, June 1.
 UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN at Notre Dame, June 4.

Exchanges.

The *Varsity* of March 3 contains a sensible editorial on the duty of the students of the University of Toronto towards it, and its duty towards the students. The *Varsity* follows the same policy as does the SCHOLASTIC. Its editors believe that the paper should not be a mere chronicle of college gossip, but that it should devote the larger part of its space to the literary productions of the students of the university from which it comes. If a college paper is the sole organ of the institution from which it emanates we think that it should contain something else besides mere news, especially so if the paper is a weekly or a monthly. If there are two or three papers published at a university, of course we expect each paper to confine itself to its particular field. A great many of our exchanges devote more space to local happenings than they do to literary matter, forgetting that outsiders judge a paper more by the excellence of its literary matter than by the information it contains concerning events of interest only to students.

**

We are pleased to add to our list the *De La Salle*, published by the students of De La Salle Institute, New York. If succeeding numbers are like the February edition we can be sure of a treat every month. "Along the Bronx" is the title of a graphic description of a trip along the borders of the little river which has been made famous by F. Hopkinson Smith. Although we have our suspicions as to the sincerity of Mr. Smith in his stories and descriptions of the Bronx, yet we judge from the article in the *De La Salle* that his tales had some foundation on truth. The Christianity of "An Act of Kindness" is questionable. It teaches its reader to return good for good, and evil for evil, and we think that is hardly the proper spirit which should animate a story entitled "An Act of Kindness."

**

The *Collegian-Herald* in its last issue has a vigorous editorial upon the Freshman-Sophomore cap rush which recently took place at Hillsdale College. It severely censures those who took part in the rush, and says that the rush was little better than a street fight. If college students could be made to realize that class fanaticism is no excuse for rowdiness the annual cane rushes and their like would soon

be things of the past. As practised in some colleges cane rushes are unobjectionable, but in most cases they are disgraceful affairs and should be discountenanced. Class fights partake too much of the nature of bar-room brawls to ever be looked upon with approval by the general public.

Personals.

—Master Irve Keiffer, of Carroll Hall entertained his father on Wednesday last.

—Mrs. Crawford, of Chicago, was a visitor early in the week. She entered her son in the Minim Department while here.

—Dr. A. C. Berry, of Unionville, Mo., accompanied by Mr. A. T. Stewart, of Chicago, visited William and James Berry, of Brownson Hall.

—Messrs. W. O. Wilson and Harry D'Abells, of Chicago University, were the guests of Mr. Hering and other friends at the University on Sunday last.

—Rev. Father Duffy, of Rochester, N. Y., visited his nephew, Peter Duffy, of Brownson Hall, and other friends at the University during the early part of the week. Father Duffy is one of the most prominent of the clergymen of the Rochester diocese.

—Rev. Father Sadlier, Battle Creek, Mich., was the guest of friends in the Faculty on Monday last. Father Sadlier is one of the most popular of the younger priests of the Detroit diocese, and has many friends at the University to whom his visit was a rare pleasure. We trust that his visit may be repeated in the near future and that it may be a longer one next time.

—Father Regan recently received a letter from C. C. Craig, of Galesburg, Illinois, who was a student at the University during the early eighties. Mr. Craig is practising law in Galesburg, and is meeting with success in his chosen profession. Mr. Craig sent at the same time two photographs of his brother George Craig A. B. '88, who died last year. The photographs will be put in the different collections of photographs so that the memory of our deceased fellow may be kept fresh at his *Alma Mater*.

—A letter was received from Mr. Alexander Carney, which was written on board the steamship *Furst Bismark en route* for the Holy Land. He reports a pleasant trip so far, and gives an outline of his future plans. He expects to stop at Rome for awhile, and from there to go to the Holy Land. On his return he will visit France and England, and may not return to America until August. His description of life on ship-board is very interesting. His letter was written on a stormy evening, but he had not yet encountered any severe storms.

Local Items.

—Casey at the bat was a familiar figure on the campus this week.

—The sun shone.—The rec day came.—The rec. day went.—Boo! Hoo!

—The St. Joseph Anti-Specials won their first game this season over a picked nine of Carrolls. Score, 15 to 8.

—On the Sunday following Easter, the members of the choir will sing during High Mass at St. Patrick's Church, South Bend.

—The Rev. J. W. Cavanaugh will lecture before the Temperance Societies next Sunday evening on "Father Matthew."

—Sorin Hall has always been considered very good; but who could have thought it was angelic enough to grow wings?

—FOUND.—A neck-tie and gold pen, also a sum of money. The owner can have the same by applying to the Carroll refectorian.

—Miners and others will be interested in knowing that the celebrated "Last Chance" is not worked out. Last Tuesday a party of visiting miners secured some quartz which panned out over one-half.

—These are the days when the average Sorinite, with the chronic case of *verna febris*, stands near a back window for four hours at a stretch, and mentally "cusses" the workmen below for wasting so much valuable time.

HEADQUARTERS NOTRE DAME BATTALION.

April 1, 1897.

Private Moorhead is hereby promoted to 3d Sergeant; Private Landers, promoted to 4th Sergeant Co. A. By order of the Commandant,
W. B. WEAVER, *Cadet Capt. and Adj.*

—The last of the Conferences of the Lenten season will be preached next Wednesday. The series of Wednesday evening sermons preached this Lent were probably never surpassed by those of any other year. The reverend preachers deserve the gratitude of all for their helpful discourses.

—"I wonder that the members of the military companies are not tired today," said Slivers, looking up inquisitively at Landers. "Why so?" said the tall lad from Merrill. "Well, haven't they been having thirty-one straight days of *March*?" Then John realized that it was the first day of April.

—St. Joseph's Lake, thanks to the late rains, has nearly risen to its old boundaries. This has caused the hearts of the navigators to palpitate with joy, and has brought the sound of the bull-frog nearer to our dwellings. And the bathers are looking forward to a shorter walk when they go a-swimming.

—The basement of Science Hall is being converted into a set of laboratories. The chemists

claim one, another goes to the electricians, the photographers have a title to another, whilst a fourth will be turned over to the biologists. This addition, with the laboratories on the upper floors, will give ample room to the scientists.

—This is the last number of the SCHOLASTIC to be issued before the special Easter edition. Besides a number of good stories, interesting essays, and clever verses, the pictures of the members of the staff will be given as a frontispiece. No more interesting souvenir of '97 could be taken home than the Easter number of the SCHOLASTIC. Orders should be left at the Students' Office.

—Those who desire to follow intelligently the ceremonial of Holy Week will procure a book containing a translation of the different psalms, lessons and prayers which are recited during that solemn season. This "Holy Week Book," as it is called, also contains all the rubrics, or observances, followed by the Church from Palm Sunday to Easter. The book will be found on sale at the Students' Office.

—A consignment of baseball guides came from Spalding's last Tuesday, and were no sooner on the grounds than they were snapped up by the first comers. Those who came late disconsolately twirled their dimes and looked so sorrowful that a new lot was sent for. And now even the Minims wear happy smiles as they button-hole you with the information that the captain can not go out on the field to talk to the umpire this year; the rules forbid it.

—The following are the names of other South Bend merchants who have contributed to the Athletic Association:

DeVos & Hogue, photographers; Adler Bros., clothiers; Irving A. Sibley, hardware; F. E. Bushman, tobacconist; Otto C. Bastian, druggist; Dr. J. A. Stoeckley; Dr. A. F. Schafer; Kelly Bros., confectioners; Frank C. Toepp, jeweler; Saml. Spiro & Co., clothiers; Shidler Bros., hardware; A. McDonald, photographer; Louis Nickel, Jr., Kempner and Shafer, clothiers; C. Fassnacht, lumber.

—An addition on both sides of the "gyms" is spoken of. The plans provide for twenty-five feet on either side, the removal of the store from the centre and transferring it to the east side, and a movable partition in the centre to be raised when the whole gym is needed. If the plans are carried out we shall have the best place for indoor meets in the country. This improvement will give an impulse to track athletics, sadly neglected at Notre Dame.

—Robbie Fox and Louie Fadeley drifted far away from the other participants in Tuesday's bicycle run. They knew not where they were going, but eventually blew into a little hamlet called Granger, so completely exhausted that they were obliged to take a train back to the College in order to get here this session. And such a dilapidated pair as they were when they alighted from the cab! Even Herr Leib and Putnam looked comparatively fresh alongside the curly-haired wanderers.

—Eleven innings, with a score standing 9 to 9 at the close, indicates clearly that the contest between the "Hardly Ables" and the Brownson "Pelters" on the 28th was red hot, to say the least. Both teams will meet again to settle the dispute. Following is the way the teams lined up:—"Pelters": Monahan, c.; Cullinane, p.; Hayes, 1b.; Meyers, 2b.; Kraus, 3b.; Herman, s. s.; McKenzie, l. f.; O'Brien, c. f.; McCarrick, r. f.; "Hardly Ables": Conway, c.; Wynne, p.; Cavanaugh, 1b.; Gerardi, 2b.; Hesse, 3.; O'Hara, s. s.; Fetherstone, l. f.; Ney, c. f.; Wimberg, r. f.

—The Law baseball team is fast getting into shape and the members will shortly have their pictures taken. They practice regularly now, and, it is said, will soon be able to dust the campus with any team that comes along. Their pitcher can curve a ball out of shape, and as for the catcher—well—he is a wonder. Every one of the nine men is a terror at the bat. The captain deems it to his interest to reserve the names of his men for awhile, fearing lest some greedy manager of one of the National League teams will come along and hold out a sweet bait, as Tebeau did.

—The list of some more South Bend merchants who contributed to the Athletic Association will be found in another place in these columns. All the firms that receive the patronage of the students have not been seen, but those that were visited gave liberally. All such deserve the support of all at Notre Dame when anything is to be bought. They helped us; let us not forget them. The list published this week will be added to the one contained in last week's issue, and the entire list of contributors will be seen in the Easter number, in order that students may know who are their friends among the merchants of South Bend.

—The changing of the program for the concert by the New York Male Quartet was a mistake. All of the audience may not have been able to appreciate good music, but three quarters of those assembled on Thursday afternoon have outgrown a taste for nursery rhymes as principal numbers on the program. And the selections advertised were not so alarmingly "classical" that anyone might take affright and hasten to have the whole program changed. Whoever put himself in the position of spokesman for the audience has the satisfaction of knowing that he failed miserably in his attempts to delight them by a little program of his own.

—The Minims organized their Athletic Association for the spring of '97 last Sunday evening. Brother Cajetan, as the Director, called the meeting to order and asked Father Moloney to preside until the officers were elected. The balloting resulted in the selection of the temporary chairman as the permanent presiding official, Daniel Spillard as Vice-President, Victor Steele, Secretary, and Jack Atkinson as Manager. After this business had been attended to Bro. Cajetan

disappeared for a few moments, and returned laden with good things for a feast. It wasn't long before sad havoc was made on the candies and fruit and cakes, and the hearty cheers given for Bro. Cajetan testified to the appreciation the Minims felt for the banquet. Another meeting will be held tomorrow night.

—Two more bold attempts have been made to send the senior partner of Study, Hall & Co. into the Torrid Zone; but his remarkable presence of mind and luxuriant growth of whiskers have combined to frustrate and set at naught the efforts of the conspirators. The last bomb which was placed on his desk contained a highly explosive mixture of horse-chestnuts and sawdust, all enclosed in a tin can with a villainous looking ring fastened to the top. When the victim's beautiful blue eyes rested upon this infernal machine his brindle beard curled slowly upward until it met the visor of his ice-cream cap, and then came the explosion—of laughter from Lan Johnders and the other small boys who had assembled to see the fun. Lack of space precludes us from giving a detailed account of the workings of this gang of conspirators, but the whole story will be told in the next issue of the Brownson *Disturber*.

—At a recent meeting of the Executive Committee two important resolutions were adopted which concern directly all the students at Notre Dame. One was the adoption of permanent University colors, and the other was to the effect that hereafter only those who have engaged in one match game with an outside team will be allowed to wear the letters "N. D. U." or "N. D." on their sweaters, jerseys or shirts. During past years we have had a vague idea that our colors were Gold and Blue, but the particular shades of these colors were not defined. Now the Executive Committee has decided upon *navy blue and old gold*, and these alone are, therefore, our college colors. Formerly ribbons of sky blue and any shade of yellow were worn, but the caps, jerseys and sweaters had to be made of a deeper blue because of the lightness of the other. The adoption of the navy blue obviates all this. With regard to the monograms the committee is simply following a custom prevalent in all of the foremost universities and colleges of the country. Any student may wear the "N. D." on his cap, and he may wear his hall initials on his jersey, sweater or baseball shirt, but only Varsity football, baseball and basket-ball players who have played in a game with an outside team may wear the University initials. These rules will go into effect as soon as the baseball uniforms arrive which will be in about a week or ten days. Students who are wearing the "N. D." on their sweaters will remove them before that time.

—Charlie Schulte of corner grocery fame, "bunks" in the First Dormitory. The other

morning about five o'clock Charlie's bed gave way under his ponderous weight, but he "stuck right to her; begosh," and didn't lose any sleep over a little thing like that. Nevertheless, he worked on like a tread-mill to keep from rolling out onto the cold floor, and to add to this, one of the iron legs of the bed kept up a continuous thumping noise, much to the discomfort of the neighboring slumberers. Several shoes and a few choice remarks were hurled at the fair-haired Iowa lad, but he kept right on climbing, and the leg of the bed kept on thumping.

—The bicyclists of Brownson Hall took the first run of the season Tuesday afternoon, starting from the College at one o'clock and returning at—well—er—a—at different times. It is safe to say that by this time all have returned. Brother Vital set the pace—quite a pace, by the way,—and Pim and Reed were appointed to bring up the rear. The former, eager for glory, pulled past the twenty-eight puffing, panting, sea-sick riders on the return trip, and came in second. Herr Leib undertook to do likewise, but came in in an ambulance. Reed brought up the rear as he was told to do, but perhaps through no fault of his. But, to come to the story:

After a short ride through the principal streets of South Bend the "push" cut loose for the St. Joe Farm, situated eight long and weary miles east of Notre Dame. All the riders started in a bunch, but, unable to keep up with the leader (or not caring to), soon began to string out along the zig-zag trail. Owing to the strictly rank condition of the roads, the riders indulged in sundry "headers." Indeed, it would appear to an onlooker as if each was trying to see who could make the most falls, but, of course, "Easy" Kaul, Slivers and Skimmy carried off the honors. Later, the "weary" and the "easy-going" congregated upon a pretty grassy spot about four miles from the College, and, after an intermission of forty minutes spent in eating aged butternuts and brown leaves, continued the run. After such a lapse of time the "take-it-easy" detachment little thought that they would be first to reach the St. Joe Farm; but such was the case. The leader of the first aggregation, sad to say, lost the road, and about four extra miles of Indiana soil had been covered before he and his followers again found it. By this time the second squad, under the able leadership of Willie Pim, who "had been there before," had reached the farm, when they were told by good Brother Egbert in charge to "help themselves." They needed not a second bidding, and before the stragglers put in an appearance, had tucked away a goodly supply of eatables, to say nothing of the cider and fresh milk that came their way. The return trip was marked by nothing of importance, and the majority of the participants swung past the college gates as the bells were ringing six o'clock. Everyone had a good time.

Roll of Honor.

SORIN HALL.

Messrs. Arce, Brennan, Bennett, Barry, Bryan, Byrne, Costello, Crilly, Delaney, Fagan, Fitzpatrick, Geoghegan, Golden, Kegler, Lantry, Murphy, Miller, Mingey, Medley, McDonald, McNamara, McDonough, R. O'Malley, O'Hara, Palmer, Pulkamp, Piquette, Reardon, Rosenthal, Ragan, Reilly, Sullivan, Sanders, Spalding, Weaver.

BROWNSON HALL.

Messrs. Armijo, Arizpe, J. Berry, W. Berry, R. Brown, E. Brown, Baab, Brucker, Barry, Bouwens, Boze, Baloun, Bombersbach, Crawford, T. Cavanaugh, Corby, Campbell, Cuneo, Crowley, Cullinane, Conway, Collins, J. Cavanaugh, J. Casey, Dreher, Duperier, Dowd, Duffy, J. Daly, Donovan, Davis, Dixon, Fetherstone, Fadeley, Fitzgerald, Foster, Follen, Foulks, Farrell, Franey, M. Flannigan, C. Flannigan, Fischer, Fleming, Grady, R. Garza, C. Garza, Gilbert, Gerardi, Guilfoyle, Guerra, C. Gray, Hoban, Hengen, F. Hesse, Howard, L. Hake, Hanhouser, E. Hake, Haley, Howell, Henry, Hay, Hartung, Hindel, Hurst, Jelonak, Johnson, Jurado, F. Kaul, I. Kaul, Kraus, Kuerze, Koehler, Kuhl, Lyons, Long, Landers, Lowery, Lutz, J. Murphy, C. Murphy, Mullen, Morris, Mulcrone, W. Monahan, Mueller, Meyers, Maurus, Martin, Miller, T. Monahan, McCarrick, McCormack, McNichols, McMillan, McGinnis, McConn, McDonald, McKenzie, Niezer, F. O'Shaughnessey, M. O'Shaughnessey, O'Hara, Pickett, Putnam, Pendleton, Paras, Powell, Pim, Quinn, Quandt, Rowan, Rahe, Smoger, Stuhlfauth, Scott, Summers, Schermerhorn, Shillington, San Roman, Schulte, Singler, Scheubert, Tomlinson, Toba, Vogt, Ward, Wigg, Welker, Wiczorek, J. Wimberg, Wade, H. Wimberg, Williams, Wynne, Monarch.

CARROLL HALL.

Messrs. Abrahams, R. Armijo, P. Armijo, Alexander, Beardslee, Becker, Berger, Breslin, Burns, Brand, M. Condon, Cornell, T. Condon, Coquillard, Cowie, Curry, Curtis, Conklin, Darst, Dellone, Davidson, Devine, Druiding, Dinnen, Drejer, Dugas, Delaney, Elliott, Ellwanger, Foley, A. Fish, L. Fish, Funk, Frank, Friedman, Fleming, Gimbel, Girsch, Grossart, Garrity, Hoban, Houck, Herron, Hanley, Heffelfinger, Hinze, Herbert, G. Kasper, G. Kasper, F. Kasper, Keiffer, Kelly, Kiley, Kirkland, Klein, Kilgallen, Krug, P. Kuntz, J. Kuntz, Land, Leach, Lovett, Lyle, Maher, Meagher, Moore, Morgan, Morrissey, T. Mulcare, J. Mulcare, T. Murray, R. Murray, J. Murray, Moxley, Mueller, Merz, Michels, McCallen, McCarthy, McIntyre, J. McMahon, McMaster, McNamara, McNichols, McManus, T. Naughton, J. Naughton, Nolan, Nast, Noonan, Newell, F. O'Brien, G. O'Brien, O'Malley, O'Neill, Ordetx, Padden, Peterson, Pohlman, Powers, Pulford, Putnam, Pyle, Quinlan, Reuss, Richon, Sample, Sanford, Schaffhauser, J. Scherrer, W. Scherrer, Schmidt, Schmitt, E. Sheekey, Shiels, Shea, Slevin, Stengel, Swan, Sullivan, Szybowicz, Swiney, Schwabe, Taylor, Tong, Wagenmann, J. Ward, H. St. Clair Ward, F. Ward, Waite, Walsh, Watterson, Wells, Wilson.

ST. EDWARD'S HALL.

Masters Atkinson, Arnold, Abercrombie, Abrahams, Allyn, Butler, Bosworth, C. Bode, F. Bode, Blanchfield, G. Beardslee, L. Burton, Crawford, G. Cowie, K. Casparis, C. Cressy, Cunnea, Cotter, J. Coquillard, Craig, Davis, Dorian, Dugas, Dougherty, Dessauer, Ebbert, Ervin, Engelmann, Ellis, Frost, Freeman, Frane, Griffith, Garrity, Hinsey, Hall, Hart, Hubbard, Jonquet, Kasper, Kelly, Leclerque, Lovell, Lawton, Leisander, P. Manion, E. Manion, McMaster, T. McCarthy, G. McCarthy, L. McBride, J. McBride, Willie McBride, J. McMahon, W. McMahon, M. McMahon, J. McConnell, J. McGeeney, E. McGeeney, F. Phillip, Paul, A. Phillips, G. Quertimont, E. Quertimont, Robbins, Ryan, Rees, Rennolds, Redpath, Spillard, Steele, Strauss, Shields, Strong, Seymour, R. Tillotson, L. Van Sant, F. Van Sant, J. Van Dyke, F. Van Dyke, Veneziani, Welch, Wilde, F. Weidmann, G. Weidmann, Weber, Wigg.